



Carl Jenkins: Truck Driver



6 1 1

Chapter 1 by Andrea Gallimore

"Howdy, Mr. Watskins." said Carl. "I'm on my way to drop off your logs!" "Great! I will meet you outside!" Carl was excited about his new job. Soon enough, he'd be able to buy himself a pet ant. Maybe even a moth. Carl walked to his new truck, started it, and drove down to the Watskins' household. As soon as Carl arrived, he was greeted by Mr. Watskins. "Hey, Carl. I see you really loaded up those logs!" he said. "Yes sir! I really packed them in!" "Are you sure that's safe? They look a little unstable." As Mr. Watskins reaches to touch a log, the cable holding them together snaps!

"AAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHHHHH!!!!!!!!!!!!!!!" says Mr.Watskins as he's crushed to death by the 92 logs packed in
Carl's truck. "MY ANT MONEY!" said Carl. "And Mr. Watskins is dead!" Carl sat and wept for 7
hours, then fell asleep next to the stray logs.

Early the next morning, Carl woke up to neighbors surrounding him, all muttering different things. 'Did they find out?' Carl silently thought. One neighbor sees him awaken, and asks "ARE YOU OK SIR?". Carl says, "nope, take me to the hospital", trying to cover up the mess. Soon enough, the FBI pulls up to the Watskins home. "Where is the Watskins family?", asks one of the men. "I don't know." says Carl. Carl looks over to see the FBI picking up the logs. "OH NO", shouts Carl. "NOT MY MOTH MONEY." Carl cries as he sees the FBI discover Mr. Watskins. not because Mr. Watskins was dead, but because now he had no money to buy his wants. "You're under arrest." says the FBI. "No." says Carl. He runs into the nearby woods. He runs and runs to get away, and he almost succeeded, until an ant caught his eye. "A free ant?" says Carl. Carl starts to pick up the ant, and suddenly feels a sharp pain in his face. "AHHHH" he thinks.

“Необходимо”

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The world was now a sad place. With the loss of some of the most important figures on Earth, (-ish) no one appreciated life's values. Everyone except for Bobby. Bobby was happy. "Howdy' neighbor!" exclaimed Bobby, to Jobbs Frenkins, his imaginary friend (a eight pound box of cheese puffs). "Looks like a gud day!" Unfortunately, the reason Bobby was not happy was not because he was a good person, he was simply an idiot.

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